mortifying miſchiefe: I cannot hide what I am: I muſt be ſad when I haue cauſe, and ſmile at no mans ieſts, eate when I haue ſtomack, and wait for no mans leiſure: ſleep when I am drowſie, and tend on no mans buſineſſe, laugh when I am mery, and claw no man in his humor.

Con. Yea but you muſt not make the full ſhow of this till you may do it without controllment, you haue of late ſtoode out againſt your brother, and he hath tane you newly into his grace, where it is impoſſible you ſhould take true root, but by the faire weather that you make your ſelf, it is needful that you frame the ſeaſon for your owne harueſt.

Iohn I had rather be a canker in a hedge, then a roſe in his grace, and it better fits my bloud to be diſdain'd of all, then to faſhion a carriage to rob loue from any: in this (thogh I cannot be ſaid to be a flattering honeſt man) it muſt not be denied but I am a plain dealing villaine, I am truſted with a muſſel, and enfraunchiſde with a clogge, therfore I haue decreed, not to ſing in my cage: if I had my mouth I would bite: if I had my liberty I would do my liking: in the mean time, let me be that I am, and ſeeke not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no vſe of your diſcontent?

Iohn I make all vſe of it, for I vſe it only,
Who comes here? what newes Borachio?

Enter Borachio.

Bor. I came yonder from a great ſupper, the prince your brother is royally entertain'd by Leonato, and I can giue you intelligence of an intended mariage.

Iohn Will it ſerue for any model to build miſchiefe on? what is he for a foole that betrothes himſelfe to vnquietneſſe?

Bor. Mary it is your bothers right hand.

Iohn Who, the moſt exquiſite Claudio?

Bor. Euen he.

Iohn A proper ſquier, and who, and who, which way looks he?

Bor. Mary one Hero the daughter and heire of Leonato.

Iohn A very forward March-chicke, how came you to this?

Bor.

Bor. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was ſmoaking a muſty roome, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand in ſad conference: I whipt me behind the arras, and there heard it agreed vpon, that the prince ſhould wooe Hero for himſelfe, and hauing obtain'd her, giue her to Counte Claudio.

Iohn Come, come, let vs thither, this may proue food to my diſpleaſure, that yong ſtart-vp hath all the glory of my ouerthrow: if I can croſſe him any way, I bleſſe my ſelfe euery way, you are both ſure, and wil aſſiſt me.

Conr. To the death my Lord.

Iohn Let vs to the great ſupper, their cheere is the greater that I am ſubdued, would the cooke were a my mind, ſhall we go proue whats to be done?

Bor. Weele wait vpon your lordſhip. *exit.*

Enter Leonato, his brother, his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his neece, and a kinſman.

Leonato Was not counte Iohn here at ſupper?

brother I ſaw him not.

Beatrice How tartely that gentleman lookes, I neuer can ſee him but I am heart-burn'd an hower after.

Hero He is of a very melancholy diſpoſition.

Beatrice He were an excellent man that were made iuſt in the mid-way between him and Benedick, the one is too like an image and ſaies nothing, and the other too like my ladies eldeſt ſonne, euermore tatling.

Leonato Then halfe ſignior Benedickes tongue in Counte Iohns mouth, and halfe Counte Iohns melancholy in Signior Benedickes face.

Beatrice With a good legge and a good foote vncle, and money inough in his purſe, ſuch a man would winne any woman in the world if a could get her good will.

Leonato By my troth neece thou wilt neuer get thee a husband, if thou be ſo ſhrewd of thy tongue.

brother Infaith thees too curſt.

Beatrice Too curſt is more then curſt, I ſhall leſſen